

# SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine



February

15<sup>c</sup>

20c in Canada



Jean Harlow

*Charles Sheldon*

Jean Harlow Confides Her Secret Ambition  
Katharine Hepburn's College Days  
Will Hollywood Accept Nudism?



# 9 OUT OF 10 WOMEN Suffer Pain—Needlessly

*Medical authorities discover new scientific facts about cause and relief of pain—new formula stops pain by relaxation—quickly—safely—scientifically*

## What Pain Is

**M**ODERN doctors have discovered important new facts about pain. They have known for years that pain is caused by pressure on the sensitive ends of your nerves. Now they have discovered that as you grow tired, your muscles, tense and hard from over-work, contract like a clenched fist on blood vessels and capillaries. The capillaries, (minute blood vessels) become congested, causing that pressure on nerve ends which results in "pressure" headache, neuralgia and other severe\* pain.

## New Method of Relief

HEXIN—an amazing new formula—relieves pain simply, quickly, and properly by relaxation—the newest and safest scientific method. As HEXIN relaxes the taut, cramped fibres and tiny muscles, (1)

blood again starts to flow normally, (2) Capillary congestion is relieved, removing pressure from your nerve-ends, (3) pain vanishes like magic—quickly, safely and naturally.

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which drug your nerves into insensibility and encourage acid stomach. HEXIN relieves pain safely by relaxation. Its

## Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

# HEXIN, Inc.

8 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

HEXIN, INC., 8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago S-5234  
Please send me a generous FREE sample of HEXIN.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

I SAW JANE YESTERDAY. SHE WAS ONE OF MY BRIDESMAIDS AND NOW—POOR THING—SHE LOOKS OLD ENOUGH TO BE THE MOTHER OF THE OTHER GIRLS.

NOW WONDER—SHE HAS SUFFERED FROM SO MANY HEADACHES SHE IS BOUND TO LOOK OLD. WHY DON'T YOU TELL HER TO TAKE HEXIN?



alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

## To Sleep Soundly

The next time you have trouble getting to sleep try 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Too many cigarettes—that extra cup of coffee—nervousness—worry—any one of these things can rob you of your rest and steal your energy.

Let HEXIN relax tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic or a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency needlessly by lying awake? Let HEXIN help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

## Take HEXIN for Colds

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood.

Colds and headaches often start because your system has an over-balance of acidity. Be careful, then, not to add acid\*\* tablets to an already acid stomach. It stands to reason that the strong vinegar acid of some old-fashioned formulas may only serve to aggravate your condition.

HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress by the only safe method—relaxation.

Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting or greatly relieves one that has started.

## How to Test HEXIN

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to set up an alkaline reaction in your stomach. You'll never know what quick relief is till you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drugstore. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.

\*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving the muscular pain or cramps from which many women suffer periodically.

\*\*HEXIN IS ALKALINE (non-acid).



## Modern Druggists Prefer HEXIN

Buy a box of HEXIN today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy HEXIN in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".





# GOOD NUMBERS FROM PARAMOUNT



## "FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE"

Four frightened people fleeing into a tropical jungle to escape from a plague-ridden ship... shedding their good manners with their clothes... casting civilization aside, being once more, "Male and Female." The people—Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, William Gargan. The director—Cecil B. DeMille.



NO MEN ALLOWED



## "SIX OF A KIND"

Six riotous comedians, out for fun... six larcenous picture-snatchers, stealing laughs from each other, six grand mirthmakers in a story made for mirth. The six—Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen. The director—Leo McCarey.



## "EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT"

Eight lovely girls in a school where men were forbidden. Eight girls dreaming spring dreams... a lover looked in at the window and then there were seven. The eighth girl—Dorothy Wilson... the lover—Douglas Montgomery. The director—Richard Wallace.



if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE, it's the best show in town



# SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*

Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

## Good Pictures!

Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore in Marie's birthday picture: "Christopher Bean."



When a month is marked with so many good pictures that we have to begin to review them for you on this page, you know your movie-going will be a pleasure! For example, there is "Christopher Bean," Marie Dressler's "birthday picture." At 62 the Grand Old Girl of stage and screen turns in one of her finest performances as the co-star of Lionel Barrymore in this clever adaptation of the stage play. It's a novel story, with Miss Dressler playing a New England housekeeper and Mr. Barrymore a country doctor whose quiet lives are stirred by the discovery that paintings in the housekeeper's possession are works of art worth many thousands. The struggle between the doctor's greed and Marie's devotion to the dead artist's memory is poignantly told. Not a great picture, but always interesting—and the co-stars are at their best.



"Duck Soup" with the Four Mad Marxes.

They're loose again! The four frenetic Marx Brothers this time get mixed up with the mythical kingdom of Freedonia, with results devastating to sense, sobriety, and sanity. The laughs aren't, perhaps, as deliriously sustained as in their past nightmares. But it's still twice as goofy a comedy as any you've seen in a long time. Margaret Dumont and Edgar Kennedy are present for added fun, and Raquel Torres for pulchritude. In brief, a typical Marx riot. Thanks, boys, for the buggiest ride of the season!

February, 1934

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Virginia Cherrill, the real romance in Cary's life. She made her screen debut as leading lady to Charlie Chaplin in "City Lights."



Mae West—Cary's "reel" romance. It was at Mae's personal insistence that he played in "She Done Him Wrong" and "I'm No Angel."

Both in screen and in real-life romance, Cary Grant is "sitting pretty"

By  
Mortimer  
Franklin

## The 2 Women *in* His Life!

ONE of the things you find yourself liking about Cary Grant is his resoluteness. Come what may, Cary sticks to his guns; and that's a quality not often discoverable among the dwellers in cinemaland.

There is, for instance, that far from little matter of Cary and Virginia Cherrill. At the moment of zooming to press, Cary still denied that Virginia was going to become Mrs. Grant. But at the same exciting moment several remarkable coincidences could be observed which pointed to a different conclusion. Yet Cary still stuck to his guns and his denials.

What were these remarkable coincidences?

To begin with, Cary was about to sail for England when I interviewed him. Virginia, who he admits is his best and only girl, likewise was about to sail or already had sailed for England. Coincidence number one!

Again, Cary averred that he would in all likelihood be seeing Miss Cherrill during their respective vacations in England. This in spite of the fact that their announced destinations in the Motherland were some 140 miles apart! Coincidence number two!

Yet again, Cary had previously gone on record as requiring certain qualities in a life companion, and had acknowledged that Miss Cherrill seemed to possess just those qualities. Coincidence number three!

Still again, Cary freely admitted (a) that he fully intended marrying "some day;" and (b) that among feminine companions he preferred Virginia to anybody else—that, in fact, there is nobody else, so far as he is concerned. Coincidence the fourth and last!

But a truce to laboring of the obvious! Though this deponent persistently flunked his mathematics in the springtime of his life, he *did* manage to learn how to put two and two together. And it is this deponent's prediction that, deny it who will, Cary and Virginia will return from England, (perhaps *have* returned home by the time you read this), as Mr. and Mrs. Cary Grant.

Just why this handsome and wholly likable couple should enfold any plans they may have in such mystery is itself a mystery. The match is an attractive one from any standpoint. So far as the unaided eye can see, there are no drawbacks of any account. The principals are young, comely, and have much to look forward to; and their joint photographs are of the kind over which sentimental old ladies smile with benevolent approval. Then what? Well, perhaps when the World's Last Secret is uncovered, such reticences as this will be answered with that long list of other mysteries concerned with the way of a man and a maid.

It was with evident relief that Cary Grant turned from the topic of Miss Cherrill and (Continued on page 86)





THE



At last! The "different" story about Clara Bow you have been waiting for—it is touching, human, true!

*By Lillian Montanye*

ONE little word, yet it can give a phrase, a sentence, new meaning. It may even influence a life. But we began with it and we hold to it. If she hadn't been born in Brooklyn Clara Bow might never have known fame. Might never have become the flappiest of movie flappers, the It-iest of all the It girls of the screen. Might never have become the gifted, glamorous, hard-working, lovable figure she did become. Might never, we may well add, have known the loneliness, the acid regrets, the spiritual desperation that she came to know—a period more pathetic than her childish days in Brooklyn when she knew only poverty, privation, and neglect.

But why blame Brooklyn?—you want to know. Well, listen, my children, and you shall hear—for the first time, perhaps—the true story of a "fame and fortune" beauty contest. In fact, the story of three beauty contests, for to understand the insignificance of the contest that launched Clara you must know about the pomp and circumstance of the preceding ones and their contrasting results.

Everyone knows that's the way Clara began her career, but few know the facts of that beginning. Not even the few of us intimately connected with this little-publicized affair had the remotest idea that it would mean more than a flash in the pan to the scared little brown-eyed girl from some remote corner of Brooklyn. "Too bad," we said patronizingly, even pityingly. "She is such a child, barely sixteen, and this will only put ideas in her head." We were right—but what ideas and where they would lead her our wildest flights of fancy could not encompass then.

It was the man whose vision made possible the first screen magazine, then owner and publisher of a group of fan magazines in Brooklyn, who promoted this contest.



*We don't have to tell you, we hope, that the pictures on the opposite page are all Clara—and practically all of Clara! Above, the Bow in more serious mood.*



*Left, a scene from "Hoopla," with Clara and her leading man, Richard Cromwell. The current Bow vehicle is the talking picturization of "The Barker," the Broadway stage play.*

Intensely interested in the fast-developing art of motion pictures he decided to inaugurate through his publications a contest de luxe that would bring new faces, new talent to the screen.

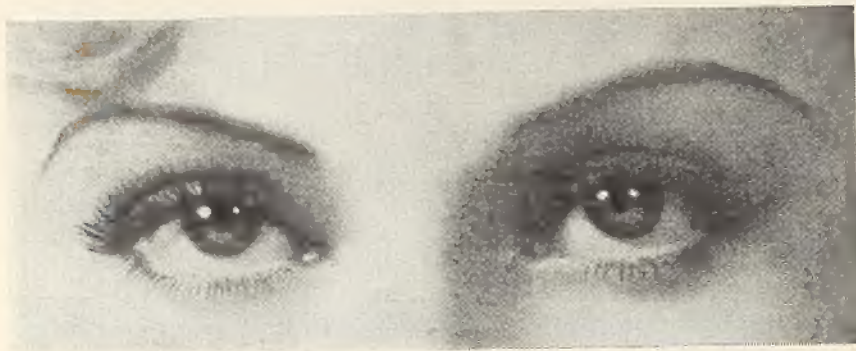
Ambitious plans were formulated. From the photographs submitted several would be chosen each month and published in the four publications. These would constitute an honor roll and from these the winner would be chosen. At the close of the contest these girls would be asked to come to New York. All expenses would be paid, chaperones and entertainment would be provided. The girls would take part in the making of a picture which would offer a chance to prove their ability. The final winners would be given tests at a real studio, and a part in a real picture.

Photographs poured in by the hundreds. The old brown-stone house in Brooklyn (Continued on page 72)

# She Hadn't Been Born in Brooklyn!



# SCREENLAND'S *Glamor*



You may know Fay Wray by her eyes! They have mystery, depth, enchantment. For the screen Fay wears those luxurious artful eyelashes that enhance a girl's own. Off-screen, she prefers to let her lashes curl in peace, aided only by the careful use of mascara.



Let's go luscious in the evenings, says this evening ensemble of pink satin and ostrich worn by Fay at the left. The bodice goes Grecian. Like that ostrich muff?



Above, Fay Wray's favorite suit, of green cloth with silver fox. The short belted jacket has sleeves that were cut bell-shaped and then held in tightly to the wrist and forearm like cuffs. Fay's hat is black antelope with a short veil.



Fay proves that a girl can be a movie star and still not drip with jewels! She cares little for gems and still less for costume jewelry. But she does enjoy the wrist-watch she is showing you in the pictures below and to the left. The watch case is of wood with a cover that slides off when the fair golfer wants to know the time of day. Smart, isn't it?



The photographs on these two pages were posed by Fay Wray exclusively for SCREENLAND Glamor School. Irving Lippman, portrait photographer. The gowns and hats worn by Miss Wray were designed by Kalloch of Columbia.



# School

Edited by *Fay Wray*



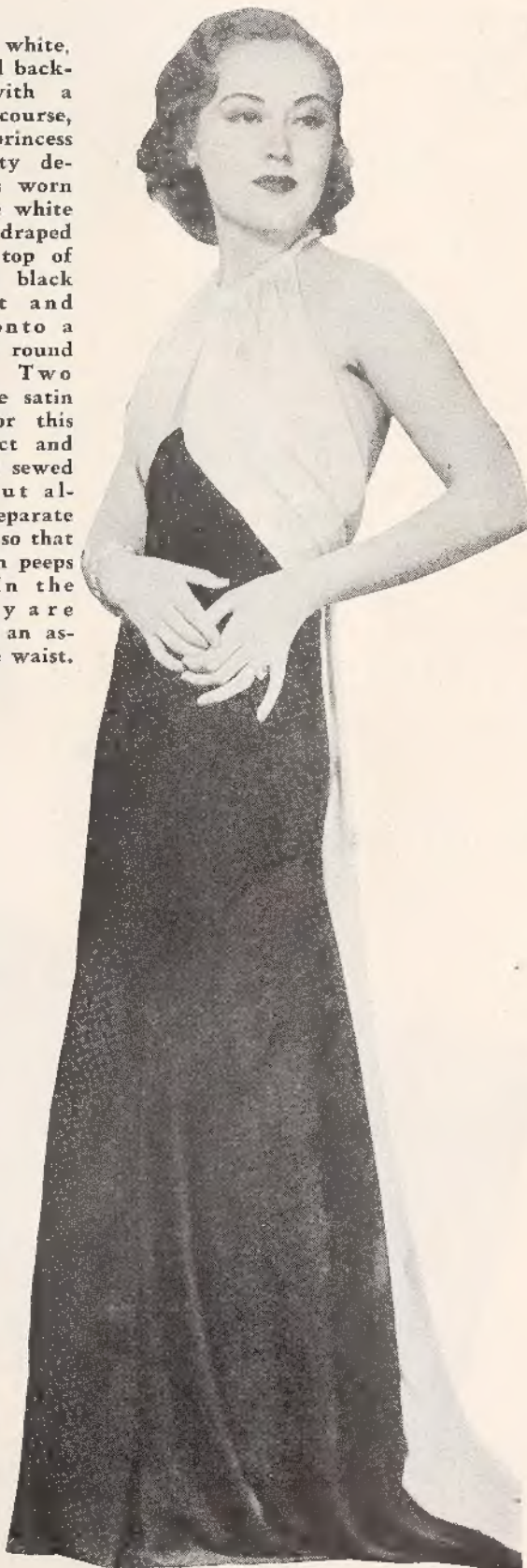
"Angel-skin" lace sounds yummy—and is! Particularly when the lace has gold thread embroidered through it! Fay's gown has the new square neckline, and sable shoulder straps, no less!



The wide revers and wooden cuff-link buttons are an interesting note in this suit of brown and tan tweed, which Fay Wray wears, above.

There is a girl in Hollywood who is acknowledged by other stars to have mastered the art of attraction without ostentation; who prefers smart simplicity to sensationalism; who achieves Glamor with grace and effortless charm. We present Fay Wray, who gives you her Glamor secrets

Black and white, sleeveless and backless and with a train, of course, and cut on princess lines — pretty devastating, as worn by Fay! The white bodice is draped around the top of the pointed black satin skirt and gathered onto a cord at the round neckline. Two pieces of the satin are used for this Grecian effect and they are not sewed together but allowed to separate just a trifle, so that the bare skin peeps through! In the back, they are crossed tie like an ascot tie at the waist.



What Fay calls her "sweet, simple, and girlish" coiffure is illustrated above. It's soft, appealing, and very feminine. Now look at La Wray over at the right!



Perhaps you prefer her more sophisticated coiffure here? See that alluring ear ornament? Made like a clip, it fastens on the lobe of the ear, fitting part way around it.





## OFF- GUARD!

**G**ARBO grins! And when Garbo grins the world smiles in sympathy. You'll see her in this mood and many others in her new film, "Queen Christina."





Manatt

## Harmony for Two!

FROM "Too Much Harmony" Bing Crosby croons his ingratiating way into "Going Hollywood," Marion Davies' tuneful new picture. Here's the grand new team in a scene from the film. You'll like it.





C. S. Bull

**W**E'RE cheering for this new combination, too. Ramon Novarro and Jeanette MacDonald co-star in the screen version of "The Cat and the Fiddle," one of Jerome Kern's most charming operettas—and how they sing!

**And Two More!**





Longworth

## Quick! Who Is It?

**H**OW long did it take you to identify the star above? Three guesses? Yes, it's Richard Barthelmess in his current characterization of an Indian in "Massacre." We think you'll like him.





**T**HE Dunn lad's been kept hopping of late, what with varied rôles in "Take a Chance," "Jimmy and Sally," and "Fox Movietone Follies." But he still has time to be the real Jimmy—just a large Irish smile!

**Jimmy as Himself!**

*Carl Dial*





## Watch the Ice Melt!

**W**ELL, it's lucky it's Hollywood ice—or it wouldn't last long when Lilian Harvey leads the St. Moritz number in her new picture, "I Am Suzanne." Lovely Lilian's third American movie is said to be her best.





Elmer Fryer

**A**ND still another new part for the screen's best bad boy. Jimmy Cagney, having turned into a song-and-dance man all in the good cause of film musicals, now takes a fresh rôle—yes, "fresh" is the word!

**Cagney as a "Lady Killer"**



## New Glimpse of Gable

**Y**ES, he's all right now  
—and his robust per-  
formances in "Dancing  
Lady" with Joan Crawford,  
and "Overland Bus" with  
Claudette Colbert, for  
Columbia, will prove it to  
you. Clark's cheerful again  
—good!





## New Portrait of a Lady

AND a fine actress. Norma Shearer is working in her first "return" screen play, "Rip Tide," with Robert Montgomery playing opposite her. And then she promises she will play "Marie Antoinette" — positively!







*The Sixth in SGREENLAND'S Series of Portrait Drawings by Charles Sheldon*





John Ellis

All  
*in the*  
Interests  
*of Art!*

MARY ASTOR, appearing with Adolphe Menjou in "Easy To Love," permitted the photographer to portray her in what may be called the title rôle. Mary can be as daringly decorative as the accepted cinema sirens—it's all in the day's work to Miss Astor; but off-screen she is one of the frankest, most genuine and humorous young women in Hollywood.





*Don English*

## **Who's Frightened? Not Claudette Colbert!**

**L**A COLBERT has a congenially colorful rôle in Cecil DeMille's latest opus, "Four Frightened People," filmed in Hawaii. At the left, Claudette in a scene with debonair Herbert Marshall.





**A**T LAST, a scene that the men in the audience will appreciate! Warner Baxter goes fishing in "As Husbands Go" and incidentally provides us with one of the most picturesque "stills" we have ever selected. It's a good picture, too.

**The Most Beautiful  
Still of the Month**





C. S. Bull

## Pre-View of "Spring" by Madge Evans!

**Y**OU may think that Madge is rushing the season—but perhaps she's thinking of Palm Beach, or Bermuda, or Hawaii—what's that, Madge? Sorry, folks—Miss Evans says she's just dressed up for her new picture and so busy she'll have to leave the winter vacations and cruises to you!



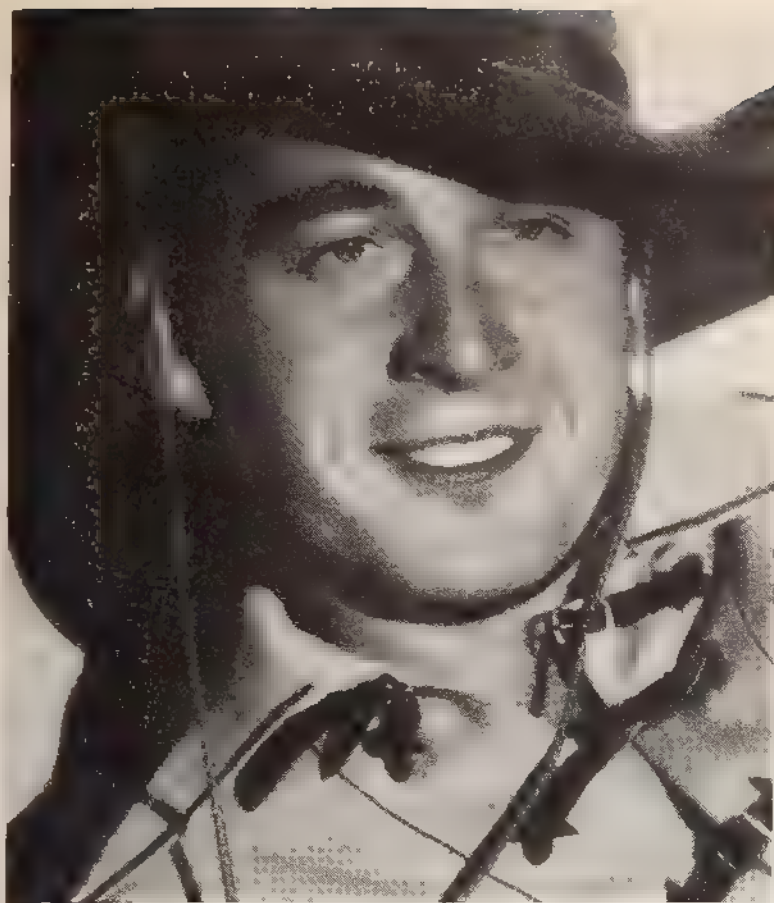


*Eugene Robert Richee*

## Hollywood's Blazing New Beauty

**R**ECOGNIZE her? She's another example of the movies' amazing magic. Marguerite Churchill, from a capable ingenue has been transformed into a magnetic and exciting person—and you'll see her in "Girl Without a Room." Read about her in the story on the opposite page.





Thoroughbreds—George and his bride, Marguerite. And isn't she lovely?

# They'll Bet on Love!

And we'll bet on George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill! A grand story about a grand guy and his girl

By  
*Dickson Morley*

**I** HAVE a unique story to tell you.

It concerns a *good* man and a *good* woman who have found each other in Hollywood. And despite Hollywood!

My adjectives are emphatic because these two are thoroughbreds. The hero is everything a real man should be. The soul of honor, intelligent, courageous. Handsome and virile. Above all, sincere. Our heroine possesses all the virtues you seek in a woman and, in addition, she is beautiful and charming.

The tale is "different" because its moral is so old that most of us will have to dig into our memories to get the point.

When all of us were very young we were told that if we'd be good, always do the

right thing, and live an irreproachable life, we'd be happy. Somehow it's a pretty big order to carry out idealistic intentions. People *seem* to get ahead by out-maneuvering others. Those who jazz fanciest apparently eat their cake and have it, too.

I want to introduce you to the two who are actually Hollywood's most admirable romantics. And I'll let you draw your own conclusion as to the dividends a life of Goodness pays.

This, then, is the story of George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill.

You know that when they married the middle of last July, in the historic old California Mission San Ynez, the final capitulation of the gallant Bachelor O'Brien (Cont on page 74)



Remember when George and Marguerite acted together in Westerns? Here's a souvenir of those days, with George "shooting" his leading lady when she wasn't looking.



# Jean Harlow Confides Her Secret Ambition



Platinum Bombshell gives us the best story of her life to date! Don't miss it! Exclusive!

By  
*James M. Fidler*

**B**ET you can't guess Jean Harlow's secret ambition. No, no—I'm sure you can't. What? Three guesses? Don't make me laugh; you can *never* guess in three guesses. Sure—go ahead and try!

Jean wants to be the most popular motion picture star. That's your first guess? Pardon me while I have myself a laugh. Oh, don't get me wrong; Jean *is* interested in her career deeply, seriously interested. No doubt she would like to become the greatest star on the screen, and if she continues to progress as she has during the past year, she's headed straight for the top. *However, that's not her secret ambition. Guess again.*

Jean wants to be very, very wealthy. That's your second guess? Certainly Jean wants to be rich. Who doesn't? But money isn't everything in the world—not to Jean, at any rate. *No, that's not her secret ambition. And you have only one more guess.*

What? What is that you said? *Jean wants a baby?* Your third guess is that Jean wants a baby? Awwwww, somebody must've told you! You could *never* have guessed it. Nobody could have *guessed*. Whoever

heard of such a guess? Imagine! Hard-boiled Jean Harlow of "Red Dust" wanting a baby! Loose-talking Jean of "Hold Your Man" wanting a baby! Nawwww, you didn't guess that. Somebody told you.

Even so, you are only partially correct. Jean doesn't want just a baby. *She wants babies.* Three or four youngsters running around her house, carving their initials in the piano, pilfering doughnuts from the breadbox, and embarrassing Aunt Molly by saying, in her presence, "Mamma, Aunt Molly isn't cooked. You said she was hard-boiled."

Babies. Jean wants a family of them—maybe a pair of boys, and at least one sister for them. A sister for the brothers to fight over, and for. A cherubic little darling with silky, platinum hair and big blue eyes and lips you'd love to touch. A tiny angel who would never, never cry or whimper. Who would be a grand little sport on every occasion. Who would give her doll to that poor girl down the street, whose parents could not afford to buy a doll. *A baby Jean.*

"I want her to have platinum hair," Jean confided to



## Maybe we shouldn't say so but Jean told Jimmy Fidler this was her favorite of all the stories ever written about her. What about it, Public?

me. "There have been times in my life when I was sorry for the color of my hair—sorry for the reason that that very hair threatened to hinder my career because motion picture producers seemed to lose sight of any acting talent I might have, simply because my hair was so widely exploited. There have been times when I have grown very weary of being called *platinum blonde*.

"But when I wore a red wig for 'Red-Headed Woman,' I made up my mind that I was happier as a blonde. I will be glad if my daughter has hair exactly the same color. What if she has, and doesn't like it?" Jean laughed. "She can change it easily!"

Jean wants one son to be older than the daughter; the other, younger. She hopes the older boy will come two years in advance of the daughter, and that the next son will be a year or two younger than Miss Jean, the second. Yes, she's figured it all out!

She wants the boys to be dark. No platinum blond boys for Jean, if her hope is granted. She wants them to grow into tall, broad-shouldered, almost-swarthy men.

Of course, I'm telling you what *Jean* wants. I haven't once quoted Hal Rosson, her husband. But what do men know about dreaming of babies? A man's only interest is that the first-born will be a boy, and that he will be just a little bit tough—a fighting little fool. At any rate, that's what Hal says.

One must know Jean Harlow intimately in order to understand the domestic side of her nature. I have known her for years, since she was in her early 'teens. At times I consider myself almost a member of the family, although I must admit that no move has been made to adopt me into the Harlow fireside circle. Nevertheless, Jean, and her mother and step-father, and her husband and I are intimate enough to sit together and discuss very personal issues—such as Jean's yearning for babies.

Several months after Paul Bern's death, I was lunching with Jean one noon. About midway of the salad course, I asked: "Do you think you'll marry again?"

She stared at me as if amazed. I began to feel a little foolish for having voiced the question, because I knew her answer even before she opened her lips.

"Of course I'll marry again," Jean said. "What an absurd question for you, of all people, to ask. How many times have I told you that I want a home? I mean a *real* home, with children of my own to worry and fret about?"

At that same luncheon, which took place about three months before Jean's marriage to Rosson, she told me that she was in love with Hal. That is why I laugh every time some gossip says that the platinum blonde married in a hurry, and then adds an accusing, "Why?" She married for love; that is why. She was in love (Continued on page 90)



The man whom Jean Harlow calls her "unlucky husband." But Hal Rosson, above, looks like the happiest man in Hollywood.



Left, the Jean of the screen—alluring, exotic. Right, the real girl, who reveals herself to you in this "scoop" story.



# ★ SCREENLAND'S SPECIAL FASHION GUIDE ★



Dorothy Lee likes gadgets and says so frankly! "But too amusing!" she says of this cigarette lighter that looks like a lipstick, which she is showing off in the picture above. It is ignited not by flints, but by a chemical action which is automatically released when the cylinder is opened.

One of the most entrancing coiffures to be seen at Hollywood smart spots and picture premiéres is Thelma Todd's, illustrated for you below. It is a softer version of the classic coronet idea, with a most becoming cluster of curls at the neck. Note, too, the sparkling clip Thelma wears with it.



Well, Ruth Etting! If you aren't wearing one of the craziest creations we've seen in many movie moons! It's a two-way affair in which the sleeves can be white lace or black velvet, according to La Etting's mood. Ruth wears it in "Hips, Hips, Hooray," the giddy new gelatine opera in which her gay good looks and lovely voice are featured with Messrs. Wheeler and Woolsey. Yes, that turban is crownless.

Margaret Lindsay, at the right, is wearing one of those gowns that other girls greet with a drawled, "My dear, how Hollywood!" But, worn by Margaret, it attracts - its daring dusky chiffon sleeves contrasting so dramatically the trailing white gown with its deep-cut shoulders. We're not surprised that the suave William Powell prefers Miss Lindsay to other leading ladies these days!







*Lovely Loretta! She's a Young poem, in this rather original turquoise blue satin gown with its interesting neckline treatment. Loretta wears it in "Born To Be Bad," her first production for 20th Century in which she appears with Cary Grant.*

*Ghtter, glitter, little star! But with Constance Cummings a touch of silver beading is as good as a ton to some other movie girls, and her black frock is brightened simply but surely at the neckline, with a turban ornamented to match.*



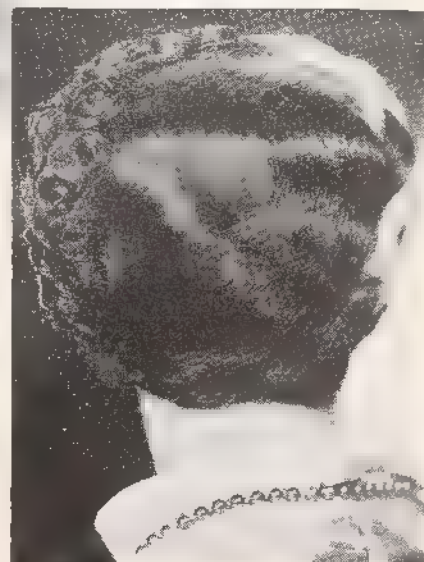
## *If You Would Strike That New Note—*

Here are suggestions from Hollywood, where girls are fashion-wise—first! Some practical, some fantastic, but all fun!



*Left, Thelma Todd shows you her new wig! You know, "transformations" are accepted aids to beauty now, although not many of them are as startling as Thelma's "Castilian Moderne." See the white and black braid? Hi, there, Miss Medusa! Below, another view of this coiffure—that smooth, soft wave is something to copy!*

*If you are as alluring as Sari Maritza, you can wear a cocktail costume as extreme as Sari is showing you at the left. It's fashioned of dark green satin imagine!—with a square-cut back. (Of course there's a jacket to wear over it, not shown here) The hat? Yes, even Norma Shearer wore one at Marie Dressler's formal birthday party! It's a grand, insane season!*





# SCREENLAND'S SPECIAL FASHION GUIDE ★



*Jean Parker's formal frock is of black taffeta with lace-topped bodice. A separate ruffled cape is an added attraction. Note Jean's coiffure in keeping with the quaintness of her costume.*

*It isn't necessary to wear exotic clothes to be attractive, even in Hollywood! Here Miss Parker wears a double-breasted velveteen coat with high rever neckline, and matching visor hat.*



*Jean introduces the new eye-brow beret made of tiers of felt topped with double silver buttons. Jean has this chapeau copied in colors to wear with sports dresses.*



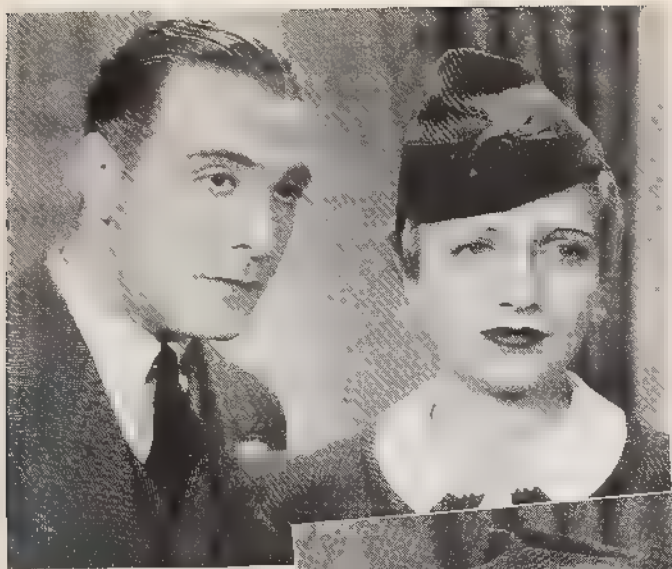
*Furred and fitted—two smart notes in Jean's blue wool suit, which is buttoned down the front. Miss Parker calls attention to the fur pockets but cautions the "hour-glass" figure girls against this idea.*

*Here's a new combination—tweed and jersey. Jean is a study in brown and white. Her double-breasted suit is of brown and white striped tweed, her accessories are of brown jersey beret, gloves, scarf.*

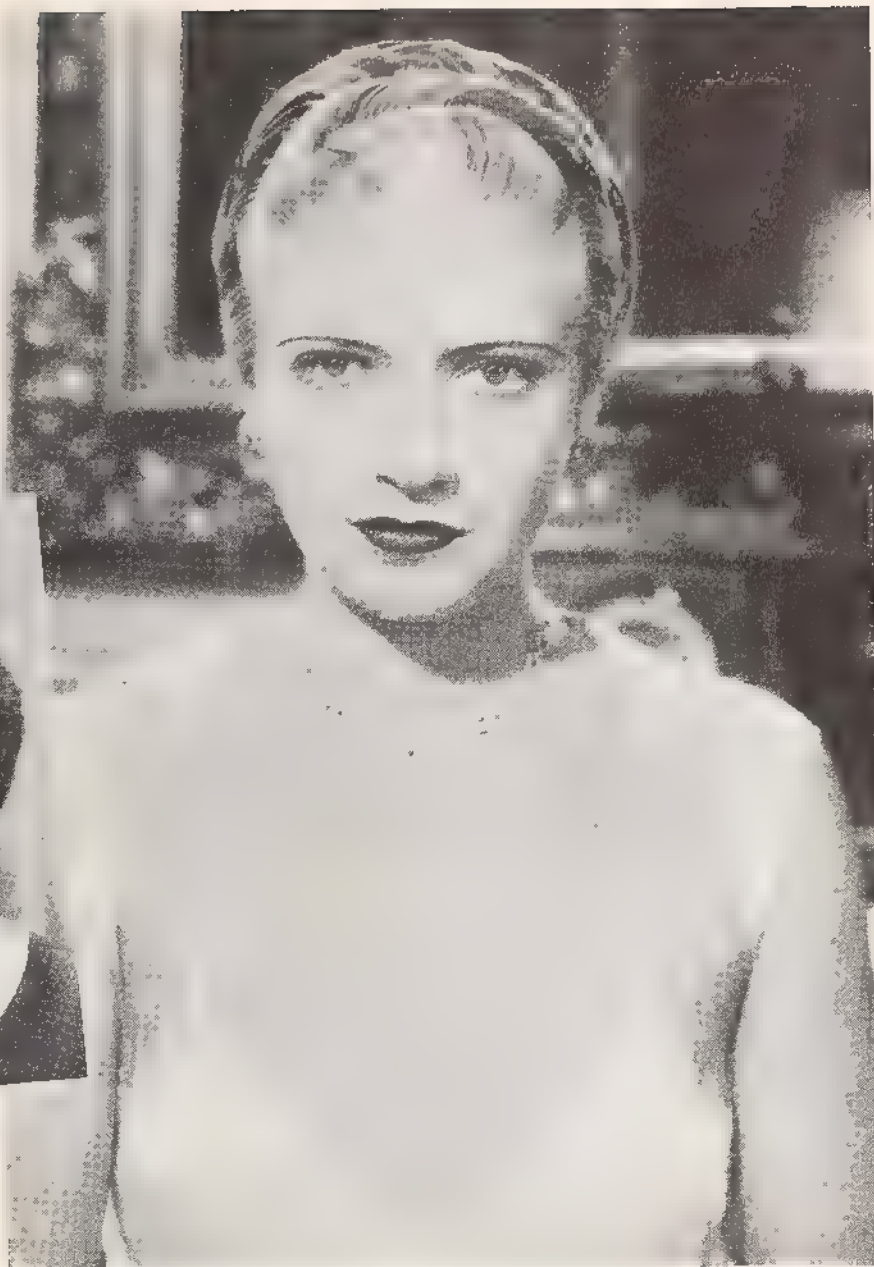


***If You Would Be Quaint—***  
Quaintness, right now, is to be desired—and it can be acquired. Look and learn, you Jean Parker-esque girls!





Kay Francis, with Ricardo Cortez, in a scene from "The House on 56th Street," in which Kay plays a mature matron in many sequences. Right, Kay selects a smartly tailored hat in keeping with the graceful age she portrays in some scenes in her new film.



Isn't she stunning! Kay Francis says it's better to accept your age with sophistication and stateliness than to cling to frills and curls. Pay particular attention to make-up—it is more important in the fascinating forties than ever before.



Gorgeously groomed, Kay Francis makes her character in "The House on 56th Street" even more charming in maturity than in youth. Her lovely coiffure is an inspiration!

Be natural—and keep those silver threads, counsels Kay. They lend a quality of handsomeness all their own, especially when waved as beautifully as Kay's.



## If You Would Have Poise—

Dignity is preferred after you have said farewell to first youth, says Kay Francis. And here's how Kay, who herself is a long way from maturity, expects to achieve it



## They'll Bet on Love!

*Continued from page 51*

was a surprise. For years he had been a target for women. A man with exceptional looks, character, and worth is rare in any place, including Hollywood. But George politely refused to be caught by experts, wives, and it appeared that he was the only fellow who *couldn't* be had!

A thin sister once stormed into the publicity offices of a studio where he was working. She threw her hat and purse on the floor and proceeded to refer to the absent George with words a lady never uses. When asked what had done she replied, "Nothing, blinky-blank him!"

Closer questioning revealed that she had been posing for publicity stills in the portrait gallery all afternoon with him. They were love scenes. She yawned for him and pulled every trick in her extensive repertoire to excite him into "comin' up sum-time" for a rendezvous. She ended her cussing in a flood of tears at her lack of luck.

Though a gracious escort to various women, the only girl George ever really cared about before he met Marguerite was Olive Borden. When she was a Fox star half a dozen years ago, Hollywood concluded mutual attraction would lead to marriage. That was not in the cards.

Why and how did he fall for Marguerite Churchill? A glance at her new photographs will give you one reason.

We were introduced in a director's office at Fox two and a half years ago," he recalls. "Marguerite had been on the lot for nearly two years and we'd never met. She was cast with me in a Western."

They went on location and every day as criticism gave George the idea that maybe this was the girl he'd dreamed about. She noted that he was a man among men, as well as a very personable actor. Cautiously they checked each other's qualities as, on the surface, they became friends.

George has been the backbone of the Fox organization with his Westerns, but that doesn't mean he hasn't all the perfect Renzo traits off-screen. You know how he looks. But did you know that his clothes are made by Hollywood's most expensive tailor? That his manners are impeccable? That he is a sympathetic and fascinating conversationalist? And that he is as proficient on a dance floor as he is on a horse or at tennis, swimming, boxing, wrestling, football, baseball, soccer and, oh, any other sport you can think of?

Marguerite, you must understand, did not run after him. She saw that he had been totally unspoiled by Hollywood, that he was not conceited or blasé, that he personified the sound-mind in a sound body ideal. But she had had other beaux. She was neither gazer nor awed by movie fame. So when she and Fox parted shortly after she met George, she went back to New York and the stage.

"I didn't reject him, though," she acknowledged to me. "Nor could he banish her from his thoughts. She returned to pictures for the summer of '32, and then reverted to Broadway again, scoring there last season in 'Dinner at Eight'. The damage to both hearts had been done by then."

"We wanted to be married last spring in Paris," Marguerite informed me. "But George's father, who was touring Egypt with him, had heart trouble and was ordered to California immediately for the more favorable climate. I'd already booked passage abroad, so I went on to England

as I'd been signed for the picture Sally Eilers eventually did there.

"I waited for six weeks in London for it to start. Then I was advised it would be delayed another six weeks. I was homesick, and lonely for George, so I cancelled my contract and headed for Hollywood. By flying across the continent she made the trip in ten days.

While she was in London she was consoled by the gorgeous engagement ring George bought in Paris for her. It is a big sapphire set in diamonds. Her wedding ring is a plain platinum band.

Because George and his father were the closest of chums, Hollywood often said that it would be difficult for a girl to intrigue him.



*Dolores Del Rio, looking her loveliest, was interviewed by Jimmy Fidler, SCREENLAND's Hollywood reporter, for a recent program in his "Hollywood-on-the-Air" series. A pleasant job for Jimmy*

"On the contrary," says George, "my parents saw me coming home from my trips around the world, and wondered why I never brought back a wife." They approved most highly of Marguerite.

"I think I made my first headway," he laughs, "when Marguerite asked me what I planned about something. I confessed I never plan far ahead and am likely to change my mind any moment. 'Shake,' she exclaimed. 'At last I've come across a man after my own heart!'"

The George O'Briens have now weathered six months of matrimony and they are blissfully happy. They are renting a furnished house atop Lookout Mountain, in Hollywood. Joan Blondell is their nearest neighbor.

They began their honeymoon without plans and that's the way they continue to live. "After the wedding my father asked where we were going," George remembers. "We had no notion. We headed for Canada. One afternoon as we were driving along Marguerite remarked, 'I doubt it we will get any fun up this way, it's getting so cold.' We turned around in the middle of the highway and headed for Mexico!"

They turned longest in La Jolla, an ocean-side resort near San Diego.

"We were spotted at the hotel, so we took a cottage on the beach," Marguerite recounts. "I can't cook at all, so we ate

in a room across the street. But one noon I decided to fix lunch for my husband. When George returned from a swim I had my food arranged like a buffet supper. The chef d'oeuvre was carved corn beef. George took one look at it and said, 'Marguerite, how could you?' 'Don't you know that anyone who's been in the navy can't stand carved corn beef?'

Since then she has left the cooking to Marie, the faithful cook George has had for years. Marguerite isn't a bit domestic and George, who is wise enough to realize that a girl can be a fine wife without adorning to take and dust, doesn't care.

"Folks have asked me if I don't want Marguerite to retire now that we're married. 'Whatever she wishes suits me,' he

declares. And she wishes to hold on to her career, having been born the daughter of a theatrical producer, and having studied dramatics all her life. Born in Kansas City, she went to the Professional Children's School in New York and lived in Buenos Aires when her father produced shows there.

He died when she was twelve. Two years later she enrolled in the Theatre Guild's dramatic academy in New York. In her first year she was awarded the Winthrop Ames scholarship, and the next year she won the Otto H. Kahn scholarship. At sixteen she was debuting opposite Gene Raymond in the Broadway production, "Why Not?" Six more play leads and she was imported to Hollywood by Fox.

"That was a dismal experience," she says. "They cast me in gingham and I was sunk in insipid roles." You aren't acquainted with the real Marguerite if you haven't seen her in "Girl Without a Room," the first film on her new long-term contract with the Paramount Charles R. Rogers' unit. She has bobbed her hair, adopted a dashing coiffure, and is being allowed to display her capacity for wearing stunning clothes.

"I want to play absorbing characters on the screen from now on," she announces. "And I look forward to doing one play





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to get a certain arresting quality into his performances and because he continues to be box-office through his sincerity.

Constance Cummings gets the bed of geraniums because off-screen she looks like the girl next door and on the screen she practically drips glamor.

Dick Powell rates a medal for his unfailing good humor.

Mary Carlisle gets the bed of sweet peas for remaining cute and girlish without making a profession of it and for continuing to be one of the best-natured girls in the business despite her recent success.

Lyle Talbot gets a medal because he is developing into one of the very best leading men on the screen.

Elissa Landi gets the bed of dahlias because she is so modest about her own writing, because she is an intriguing personality, because she is an excellent horse-woman and lastly because her horse, "Darky," is one of the best looking animals I've ever seen.

Paul Muni gets a medal for being such a grand actor.

Barbara Stanwyck gets the bed of tiger lilies because, in addition to being a swell actress she is an honest person. And, in addition to loving Frank Fay, she is candid enough to squelch ridiculous stories by saying she has never pretended they do not scrap.

Mae Clarke gets the bed of anemones because they're a hardy flower and Mae is a hardy girl. She seems to thrive on hard luck and the greater the misfortune that overtakes her the harder she fights to come back.

Brian Aherne gets a medal for his good taste in leaving the screen after his appalling performance in "Song of Songs."

I hate to end on a sour note but I'm all out of flowers and medals and there are still a few birds left. We might as well

make a clean sweep of it and start fresh for next year.

A bird to Katharine Hepburn for her attitude towards the press and photographers who played such an important part in her success. You're not the first actress, Katie, who's believed the things that have been written about her and before you start handling your career in such a high-handed manner you had better take a look at some of those others. There's nothing personal in this either because I've never even been introduced to you.

A bird to John Boles for sending me Christmas wires every year and cutting me on the street. If you don't know me well enough to speak you don't know me well enough to send me Yuletide greetings, Mr. Boles.

A bird to Judith Allen for going to a social function with a full picture make-up on, all ready for the photographers who might be there.

And the last bird in the larder to Jean Muir, whose idea of her importance, I am afraid, is beginning to be out of all proportion to the parts she has played so far.

What's this? Two lone medals left after all? One goes unhesitatingly to Chester Morris who is still the best company I've struck in Hollywood.

The other, which is the largest and best I've got, goes to my pal Bing Crosby for his marvelous sense of humor, because he is the best crooner the radio has produced, because he is the best actor Paramount has developed this year, and lastly because he is the most modest man I've ever met.

That's all there is. There isn't a petal left fluttering around nor a spot of grease large enough to fry a bird in. Quick, Watson, my trowel and spade and I'll be seeing you next year "When the Harvest Moon is Shining, Molly, dear."

## The 2 Women in His Life

Continued from page 25

the future to that of another lady who has recently meant considerable in his life. The lady in question? I am referring, of course, to Miss Mae West.

"I warn you in advance," chuckled the original "tall, dark and handsome," "not to ask me for any new angles on Miss West. Because a blind man can see that there are no angles on Mae." *Touche!*

"But there are plenty of funny notions floating around about that lady," he pursued more seriously, "and I'd like to set a few people straight on some of them. I'd like to have it known, for example, that her phenomenal success has nothing of the accidental, fluke, or ephemeral about it. I admire Mae for many reasons, but chief of all because I consider her a fine artist. She has created out of her head, and is interpreting with wonderful skill and talent, a character that will stand as a classic of the screen. To my mind she is more than an actress—even more than a first-rate actress. She's a creative artist as well.

"How would I explain the suddenness and completeness of her fame? Why, there's nothing particularly strange about it. She always had it in her. The masses of people didn't fall for her sooner because they didn't have a chance to—she was confining herself to the much narrower medium of the stage. But you can see for yourself that she was no over-night flash, because her plays were a sensation in New York as much as eight or nine years ago.

What the screen did was to multiply by many times an audience that already knew her for the great star that she is!"

Of Miss West as herself off the screen Cary could say little. He has rarely seen her when they were not working. He is quick to deny, however, that the lusty vulgarity that infuses the star's screen self is any part of her personal life or character. "Don't let anybody fool you about that. When you hear some zippy sentiments or gay lines attributed to her, the chances are she said them. But what of it? It isn't Mae West speaking, but *Lady Lou* or *Tira*. In other words, she's just being true to her screen character, as her public expects her to be. That's her 'stuff' as the people know it, and she's sticking to it for popular consumption—and darn smart of her, too!"

On the set, says Cary, Mae hasn't the least trouble forgetting that she is Paramount's star-bright auditorium-filler and one-woman gold mine, and acts as affably and naturally as the least important member of the cast. She chats freely with the assisting actors and the technical crews, inviting opinions about the playing of a scene or the wearing of a gown from directors and third assistant sound men impartially.

With his rôles in Mae's first two passion epics Cary expressed himself as well satisfied. "Of course," he observed, "I'm only there as a foil for Mae, but that's valuable for a fellow in my position, because those



pictures certainly do get around the country. What's the use of having a big part in a mediocre picture that nobody goes to see? I'd rather play a minor part in a huge success any day than star in a flop." Two pictures of the Westian school, however, are enough for him. More than that would be too much like settling in a rut.

"Most of my rôles so far," he observed in this connection, "have seemed a little unreal to me. Dashing, romantic fellows, but lacking three dimensions. A little too Frank Merriwell, if you know what I mean. I don't know yet what I'm going to play in when I get back, but I'd like a shot at some real human parts, with a touch of comedy in them. Like the characters I used to play on Broadway before I hit Hollywood."

Of the unique part that Cary enacted just before leaving Hollywood, he was eloquent in praise. This was none other than the *Mock Turtle* in "Alice in Wonderland." It was an experience. Cary had to

imagine the emotions of a turtle, and play the rôle accordingly!

"As for little Charlotte Henry, I'd have a hard time imagining anybody doing *Alice* more delightfully. That little girl is going places in the movies. I think you'll agree when you see the picture that she, as well as Norman McLeod and the whole cast, have caught the spirit of Lewis Carroll's yarn perfectly. It isn't true, as many people think, that Charlotte's a one-picture actress who isn't fitted for any other parts. She's been in Hollywood for years, has had minor parts in other pictures, and knows her acting. Unless I miss my guess, she's in the movies to stay."

I prepared to leave as various items of personal business connected with his trip began to crowd in on Cary.

"Hope you've liked our interview about Virginia, Mae, and Charlotte," grinned Grant in parting. "And if you ever want a story about Cary Grant, look me up again some time."

## What Has Hollywood Done to Paul Muni?

*Continued from page 55*

that you cannot map your life. So we do not fret, but take what comes." He sighed. "At that, it is a more stimulating method!"

"However, we would like to know that we shall have security when we are old. I am at my peak now, from the financial

There he underwent the gruelling but unexcelled training of stock. And one day he was cast opposite a girl named Bella Frank. In less than two months they married! Her career has faded into the background, compared to his, yet she still hopes to act on the stage again.



Marion Davies plays one of the most amusing bits of her career in this black-face interlude in "Going Hollywood." Bing Crosby, that handsome Confederate soldier, is her leading man.

standpoint. And Hollywood has taught us that a home is the safest and best sort of investment."

A flash-back of Paul Muni's past will give you a keener appreciation of his argument. He grew up without benefit of advantages. Born in Austria, the son of itinerant show troupers, he was brought to New York City when a baby. His childhood was a hard and bitter one. He watched his parents' ceaseless struggle for existence.

At eleven, the age when the average boy is playing baseball, being forced to practice on the piano, and being marched to the dentist's for teeth-straightening, Paul was put to work at the only business with which he was familiar—acting.

By the time he reached his late 'teens he had portrayed so many character parts, as he barn-stormed about the country with his family, that he was able to secure a steady engagement with the Yiddish Art Theatre in New York.

Religiously applying himself to acting, believing in every rôle with unstinted faith, he gradually dented the consciousness of the big-league producers. A few years in major theatres and he was in demand at the studios.

"My first impression of Hollywood was an unfortunate one. Fox tried to make me a second Lon Chaney." If there is one topic upon which he is rabid, it is the subject of being typed in a particular classification. So completely does he sink himself into each characterization that the awed movie magnates want to rush him into a series of similar parts.

But you can't rush Muni. He's a bit stubborn. And if variety has allowed him to display every facet of his beloved art, why should he let them shove him into a rut?

I passed on a compliment a prominent screen ingénue had paid him.

"To me Muni is more exciting than Gable. If they would let him dress up



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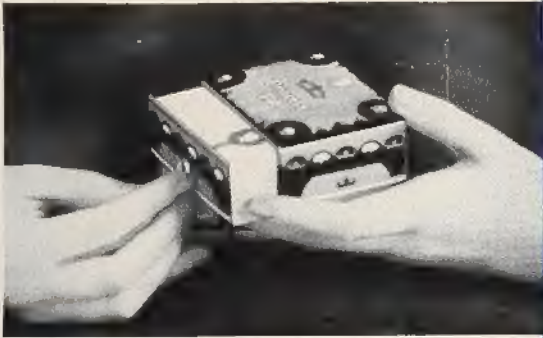
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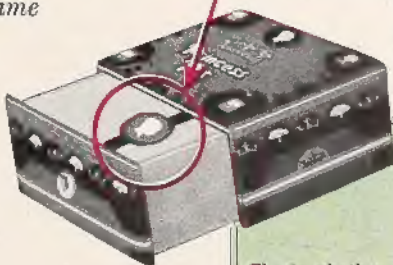


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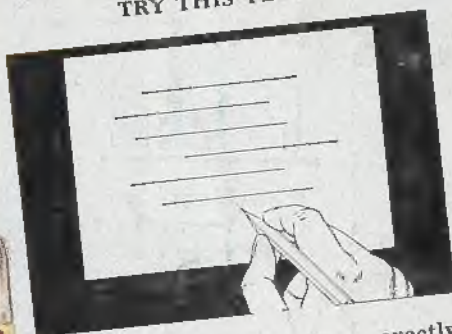
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TRY THIS TEST



Here is a series of six lines, exactly the same length. Have someone count quickly, one, two, three, four, five, six, while you divide each line exactly in half. Now measure each line with a ruler. What's your score? The average person divides the lines within one-eighth of an inch.

Florence Burnham (Camel smoker), famous woman motorboat racer, divides them within one-sixteenth of an inch.

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

It is a fact that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

A MATCHLESS BLEND



## Steady Smokers turn to Camels

ANTON LEKANG, winner of over 40 titles and trophies, smokes Camels steadily—without a sign of jangled nerves. He says:

"The most important elements in ski jumping are correct timing and healthy nerves. In fact, they add up to the same thing because you cannot have correct timing *without* healthy nerves. I have been jumping at championship ski-runs for years.

And I have smoked Camels steadily for even longer. They are the only cigarette that I don't get tired of. A day's last Camel tastes just as good as the first one. And Camels never interfere with healthy nerves."

Countless thousands are changing to Camels. And they are urging others to join them! Camels are milder. They have a rich, satisfying flavor. And they leave your nerves smooth and unruffled.

# Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES... NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE